me so with solemn distinctness, I tried to shake off the impression and to laugh at my weakness in listening to that voice a single moment. But while I met my companions and went about the performance of my duties in the accustomed way, the voice would always come back: " This day I shall be killed." Once I actually came very near sitting down to write a "last letter " to my wife and children, but a feeling of shame at my superstitious emotion came over me, and I desisted. Still the voice would not be silent. I busied myself with walking about among my troops to see that they were in proper fighting trim for the battle which we expected to open at any moment, but the voice followed me without cessation. I made a strong effort to appear as cheerful as usual, so that my officers should not notice the state of my mind, and I think I succeeded. But what I could not conceal was a restless impatience that the impending action should begin. Still the whole forenoon passed without any serious engagement—only a cannon shot now and then, and here and there a little crackle of picket firing. The breastworks and batteries of the enemy on the steep crest of Missionary Ridge on our left and opposite our center, and on Lookout Mountain on our right, frowned down upon us, apparently impregnable; and we stood inactive, looking at them.

At last, about noon, two divisions of the Army of the Cumberland in our left center were ordered to

advance, and in a short space of time they took the first line of the enemy's rifle pits at the foot of the mountains. Although the voice within still spoke, I felt a little relief when I heard the real thunder of battle immediately in front. But my command stood there two hours more with grounded arms waiting for orders. At last at two o'clock a staff officer galloped up with the instruction that I should take position in the Woods on the left of